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LENGTH OF DAYS.

THE means of attaining longevity have engaged much attention, and yet the world is still generally ignorant of what may be called the science of the subject. We shall endeavour, in a very short paper, to present some views respecting both short and long life, such as may have a chance of impressing the many minds which we address.

In the first place, it is ascertained, by physiological inquiry, that every infant, born with a sound constitution, possesses an organic frame calculated to last to old age. Weak and pining as a child may be, no trace of quick decay is to be found in it: even in that apparently fragile form may be read, in language as clear as if pronounced with a living tongue, the fact that it is designed to endure at least three score and ten years. How, then, does it happen that life is so frequently cut short?

It is only when treated in all respects in the way most suitable to its organic character, that the body will last to old age. It has been furnished with means of resisting violence only in as far as these means were consistent with its nature and purposes. It might have been of iron, and thus capable of resisting severe pressure; but then it could not have experienced all those agreeable sensations which visit it as it is. In short, while wonderfully tenacious of life, considering the delicacy of its parts, it is liable to be injured by a vast number of external influences, against which there is, for the present at least, only a certain degree of protection in prudence and skill. A deficiency of what is requisite for it, and an excess of what is unfavourable to it, are alike apt to derange, and ultimately bring to ruin, this curious and naturally durable fabric.

Premature deaths are accidents. By accidents is meant casual departures from the general rule which has designed every human being for old age. If it had been said that many die by accidents, there would have been no need for explanation, as it would have been at once readily granted that casualties by fire, water, and so forth, destroy no small number of lives. As it is, we must explain that immersion in water, scorching by fire, crushing by heavy weights, and falling from precipices, are not entitled to be exclusively considered as accidents. If a man frequently exposes his viscera to the pernicious action of alcohol, or subjects his pores to the influence of sudden cold so as to check perspiration, and if he die of the consequences, he is as much the victim of certain laws of nature, and as truly to be described as dying by casualty, as if he had been run over by a coach, or drowned at sea. The only difference lies in the obviousness and immediateness of the cause. In the one class of cases, we perhaps see the cause in the act of producing the effect; the wheel crushing the body, or the body sinking beneath the waves, without the possibility of help. And then we have no difficulty in placing the death to the account of accident. If, in the other class of cases, we could see as plainly the operation of the cause—if we could see the alcohol burning the living fibre, and deranging the alimentary and nervous functions, or the cold stopping up the perspiration, and the consequent fatal disturbance of the system—our conclusions would be in no respect different. A truth is a truth, however imperfectly individuals may be able to perceive it, or whether they be able to perceive it at all.

A vast number of those who are born, perish in helpless infancy. Of nearly four millions of individuals buried in England and Wales between 1813 and 1830, more than one million were under two years of age. We are so much accustomed to hear of the great proportion of infantile deaths, that we are apt to regard

it as something unavoidable—as something naturally the consequence of the extreme delicacy of human life in its earliest stage—and therefore to be submitted to without murmur and without inquiry. But surely it is not unavoidable. Otherwise, how should it happen, that, while the proportion of annual deaths in every hundred persons under six years of age is, for the whole of England and Wales, about five and a third, there should be a considerable difference in the different counties—three and a half, for instance, in Suffolk, six in Warwick, and eight and a third in Middlesex? If nature had fixedly decreed that great numbers of young children should die, there is no observable reason why she should have been lenient to Suffolk compared with Warwick and Middlesex. Nor is there any observable reason, upon this hypothesis, why she should have been so unfavourable to the hopes of parents in the years between 1730 and 1750, as to carry off seventy-four of every hundred children, born in London, under the sixth year, and so comparatively favourable now as to take to herself only thirty-one and a fraction. Is it not more rational to suppose that the mortality of infants is in proportion to circumstances affecting their welfare, and that, if, in some places and periods, this mortality is less than a half of what it is in other places and periods, it might, in circumstances more favourable for life, be still further reduced? But it surely is not necessary, any where out of Turkey, to reason on this point. The differences in the health of children, not only in different districts of the country, but in different streets of one town, and also in different families, in proportion to original soundness of constitution, care, nutriment, clothing, and all other circumstances, are matters of every-day observation. There is but one way of accounting for the deaths of children—some species of violence offered to their bodily system. It matters not whether this violence consist of a breaking of the bones, a failure or an excess of the supply of nourishment, the breathing of a distempered atmosphere, or an inflammation in the vital organs; whatever be the immediate form of the cause of death, an injury beyond what the frame was fitted to bear must be considered as the real and ultimate cause.

All the deaths more or less premature may be said to be occasioned in the same way. Diseases of all kinds are but forms of violence offered to the organic frame. Whether they originate in our own bodies, or come to us from others by inheritance or infection, their origin is one—a clashing of the laws of the human constitution against some one or more of the laws under which the external world is conducted. To take a familiar instance, catarrh is the result of a collision between the law of perspiration, and the law by which the atmosphere at a low temperature acts upon a perspiring skin. The sources of many maladies may be less under our observation; but so many, formerly mysterious, have now been traced to collisions amongst natural laws, that there can be no doubt of the whole being originated in the same way. It were vain for man to ask why his Divine Creator, instead of providing for his welfare in every case and in all circumstances, should have made only a general provision for it, in the establishment of fixed laws, every derangement of which should operate to his hurt. Since such is the nature of man's situation, it is his part to submit to it, and, by the study of the laws, and an adroit a conformity to them as possible, to follow out the design of his Creator. The science of the physicians is an advance so far in the study of those laws. Every such common act as the putting on of a great-coat, or the closing of an open window before sitting down, is an effort to conform to them. And when we see health

so manifestly preserved and restored every day of our lives by a certain degree of knowledge of and obedience to the natural laws, are we not entitled to assume—startling as the idea may at first sight appear—that, with a thorough knowledge of them, and a thorough obedience to them—supposing such to be possible—premature deaths would become nearly unknown.

With a view to ascertaining some data respecting premature deaths, a friend of the present writer set himself to the task of enumerating the individuals of his acquaintance who had been cut off within the last twelve years, and also the causes of their death, as far as was known to him. Being a person of literary acquirements, it is likely that the circle of his acquaintance was in a large proportion composed of individuals of a studious character; and for this some allowance must be made. He found that, of forty individuals, three had died by what the world usually calls accident, two by drowning, the other by an injudicious use of medicine; three had died of hard drinking; seven of colds and other disorders, neglected or mistreated; fifteen of excessive application to tasks, generally of a mental kind; eight of distress of mind, generally in consequence of pecuniary difficulties; three of exposure to foreign climate, having been obliged, by mischances at home, to try their fortune abroad; and one of a disease, the source of which could not be traced. In sixteen cases, pecuniary difficulties had had some concern, though only in six were they the sole observable cause. In seven instances, nearly a fifth of the whole, these difficulties could be traced to a too early entering upon the expenses of a family, and, in six, to a total derangement of affairs, or bankruptcy. In many of these forty cases, death had been produced by some recognised malady which might be called the proximate cause; but the inquirer was satisfied, from his knowledge of the private life of the parties, that the real causes were as has been stated.

If every one were to make up a similar list, it is likely that the results would not be greatly dissimilar. It would be found that the calamity of premature death is, only in a small minority of instances, the result of circumstances over which the individuals have no or little control. In our friend's list, as he has informed us, very few were the victims of distempers which they could not reasonably have been expected to avoid, or to be relieved of. He would allow to stand in this class, the three who died by accident; but of the three who perished through dissipation, and the seven who sank under neglected or mistreated diseases, he could allow none—that is to say, he believed that knowledge and prudence might have saved them all. Out of the fifteen who died of excessive application, he commiserated and lamented all; but yet retained the belief, that they had perished by an undue pressure upon some part of their constitution, which might have been allowed to continue in health, if all the transactions of their lives had been under the government of prudence. Of the eight who died of distress of mind, there was one who, having sunk in consequence of extreme grief for the death of a son, might be considered as not blameable for his own death; and in the same class might be placed the three who had died of exposure to a foreign climate, and the one who had fallen under ordinary disease. Thus, out of forty, only seven were not actively concerned in bringing their days to a conclusion.

By what means, then, is premature death to be avoided, and long life to be attained? We would answer, that, in the first place, medical skill, even in its present state, can do much to obviate, cure, and render comparatively mild, many of the forms of disease, and

may be expected in time to do much more, while, by better social regulations, many diseases may be extirpated. In the second place, by attention to certain rules, much can be done for the preservation of health. It would be needless to enter into a discussion of the virtue of cleanliness, temperance in aliment, and regularity, for the force of these rules is fully allowed even by those who perversely live in the habitual infraction of them. We would, however, make a few remarks upon the importance, for health, of keeping the mind in an equable condition. In our friend's list, twenty out of the forty died of undue pressure upon the mental constitution alone; and in twelve of these cases the parties were not intellectual labourers, but ordinary men of the world. This in itself forms a striking proof of the frequency with which mental excitement and anguish operate as the main causes of shortened days. We happen to possess another proof of a still more striking nature. The Society of Friends, it is well known, are remarkable for the care with which they study to keep their minds in a state of calm. Of all orders of the community, there is none in which there is to be found more quiet and comfort, with so little of all that harasses and agitates. A general prosperity, equally removed from greatness on the one hand, and poverty and embarrassment on the other, shines over the meek heads of this amiable and gentle race, ever glorious as the first body of British subjects to practically exemplify many Christian precepts, only regarded as theoretical by their fellows. To what other cause can we attribute the following surprising facts, borrowed from an English provincial newspaper? Of 100 persons, not Friends, successively buried in Chesterfield churchyard before November 1834, the united ages were 2016 years and 8 months, giving an average of 25 years and 2 months to each; and of these individuals, two had reached the age of 80, and twelve that of 70. Of 100 persons of the Society of Friends, successively buried before the same period, the united ages were 4790 years and 7 months, giving an average of 47 years and 10 months to each; nineteen having passed the age of 80, and thirty that of 70. It thus appears that the chance of life for this tranquil and prosperous race is nearly twice as good as that of ordinary men. Could a more expressive proof be desired of the fatal effects of all those circumstances which have been pointed out as tending to cut short life?

The way towards long life, then, is clear. To begin with, a sound constitution is necessary. In early and middle life, health must be preserved with jealous care, and disease avoided, or, if they occur, properly medicated. We must also guard against all severe distresses of mind, all excessive application, and every other contingency which may tend to damage and enfeeble the mortal frame. It is not to be hoped that every one will avoid every danger; but it is at least certain, that those who exercise the most prudence in avoiding dangers, and remedying unavoidable evils, will be most likely to live to old age.

ABERDEEN.

WHEN Aberdeen is visited by a stranger, even supposing him to be a native of some other district of Scotland, no small degree of surprise is usually expressed, at finding, in so northerly a situation, so large and so handsome a city. The inhabitants of the portion of Scotland south of the Tay, are apt, indeed, to know little of what is beyond that river, for the mass of the one district is separated to a considerable distance from the mass of the other, by the intervention of the Grampian mountains, only a narrow connecting link being formed by the level coast of Forfar and Kincardineshire. The counties of Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and others more to the north, thus form in some measure a distinct portion of the island, the inhabitants of which have their own sympathies, interests, and habits—and also, what is very curious to remark, their own great men, living and dead—looking, moreover, not so much to Edinburgh, as their metropolitan city, Aberdeen, which thus possesses, on a small scale, many of the distinctive features of a capital, containing no fewer than sixty thousand inhabitants, and one of the most thriving commercial and manufacturing towns in the empire.

The situation of Aberdeen is easily distinguished on the map. It is within a short distance of the most westerly corner of Scotland, and just at the point where the Grampian range of hills originates. The city is built on an irregular piece of ground, lying on the left bank of the Dee, and extending northwards to within half a mile of the efflux of the Don. Both these rivers are conjectured to have had one embouchure in ancient times; but now they enter the sea at a distance of fully a mile from each other. The town, like most others, contains an ancient part in the centre, which is surrounded by modern streets, the result of recent prosperity. Its appearance is a mixture of old and new, the latter being the more numerous, and six or seven hundred houses having been built in the last ten years.

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ture of elegance and substantiality, in consequence of the houses being built of granite, a stone which hardly ever takes on the sun's dark smoky hue which freestone acquires in a few years. The modern portions of the city are built, moreover, on a regular and uniform plan. In Union Street, which is a mile in length, and seventy feet in width, the houses, combining elegance of design with simplicity of architectural ornament, are all three or four stories high; and in one place, where the street is artificially raised to a great height, they have nearly as many stories below the level. This street is carried over a small rivulet, and a piece of low-lying ground, by a magnificent bridge of one arch, a hundred and thirty-two feet span and forty-four feet wide. King Street, which opens up the city from the north, as Union Street does from the south, is sixty feet wide, and contains many splendid edifices. Besides these two main streets, there is a considerable number of modern squares and terraces. The public buildings are much scattered, but are generally of an elegant appearance. St Nicholas's Church, a fine old Gothic structure of the fourteenth century, having fallen into decay, was demolished in 1833, and is replaced by a tasteful building in the same style of architecture. The North and South Churches are both only a few years old, and speak well for the good taste and liberality of the citizens. St Andrew's Episcopal Chapel is a handsome edifice, with what is in Aberdeen a most extraordinary peculiarity, a front entirely composed of Elgin freestone. Marischal College, founded at the end of the sixteenth century by one of the Earls Marischal, is an ugly old rickety building; but it is to be pulled down as soon as a new edifice, which has just been commenced, can be finished. Through the exertions of Mr Bannerman, member of Parliament for the city, aided by the deceased Provost Blaikie, the Lords of the Treasury were prevailed on to give the balance of a grant to the Scottish colleges lying in their hands, and amounting, with interest, to about £18,000, in aid of this undertaking. The rest of the sum necessary has been made up by subscription among the wealthy connected with the county.

The harbour of Aberdeen, although not naturally commodious, has been much improved by artificial means. It is formed at the mouth of the Dee by a pier and breakwater, which run out a long way into the sea, and there are quays extending on one side to nearly a mile in length. Various improvements are in progress, and plans have been projected, which, when carried into effect, will render the port of Aberdeen exceedingly safe and accessible. It will give some idea of the importance of the harbour to state, that its gross income, since 1810, amounts to nearly £1,420,000, of which about £150,000 has been paid for interest on borrowed monies, £6000 for obtaining acts of Parliament, and the balance for new works, repairs, and current expenses. The annual revenue, which in 1817 was only about £7000, amounts, for the year ending the 12th September 1836, to about £14,000. Notwithstanding this very considerable advance, and the corresponding increase of trade which it strikingly indicates, the tonnage of the port is little greater now than it was at the former period. This may be accounted for by the fact, that the introduction of steam-vessels in the coasting trade has made every ton of shipping, as far as that class of vessels is concerned, ten times more efficient than formerly; and it is also to be attributed partly to the falling off in the Greenland fishery. In 1816, there were thirteen vessels employed in that trade; now, by losses, &c. they have been reduced to five. At present there are three large steam-vessels employed on the London station, and three between Aberdeen and Leith, going once a-week to Inverness, calling at the intermediate ports, and, during the summer months, performing voyages to the Orkneys.

There is one new feature connected with the shipping trade of Aberdeen, which ought not to be passed lightly over; we refer to the exportation of cattle. It is only a few years since the advantages of sending live-stock to the London market by sea, instead of driving them overland at enormous expense, and greatly to the detriment of their weight and quality, was discovered or appreciated; but the trade has, notwithstanding, already reached an extent which shows decidedly the superiority of the new over the old mode of transport. In 1834, the number of cattle shipped at Aberdeen was 2405; in 1835, 3125; and in 1836, 6048; each year ending on the 30th of June. During one or two weeks last season, the number amounted to as many as 600. This trade has many advantages, and is of course very popular among the farmers in the district. At all the dinners at auctions of rural produce during the early part of 1836, nothing was talked of but the shipping of cattle; and "A good appetite to the English for Scotch beef," was frequently toasted. Nor need this be wondered at: any person who possessed twenty fat bullocks of a good quality, had no more to do than secure a berth for them in the "Queen" or "Duke" steamer, get them safe on board, advise an agent at Smithfield, and, in the course of eight or ten days, had in his pocket the amount of their value in sterling money. Of the exports for the year 1836, we may notice, as indicating at once the extent and nature of the agricultural and manufacturing products of the district, the following items: Flax manufacturers, 30,402 barrel bulk; cotton manufacturers, 16,336 do.; woollen manufacturers, 20,043

do.; this branch has increased nearly twenty per cent. within the last year. Oats, 69,239 quarters; meal, 13,375 bushels; sheep and lambs, 1407; pigs, 3034; butter, 9281 cwt.; eggs, 8120 barrel bulk; pork, 6006 cwt.; salmon, 7757 do.; granite stones, 1723 tons. The chief imports are caals, of which there were unloaded, during the past year, 371,914 bushels; lime, cotton, flax, wool, wood, wheat (there is little or no wheat grown in Aberdeenshire), flour, salt, iron, whale-blubber, and miscellaneous goods, consisting of groceries, &c. There are at present belonging to the port of Aberdeen 360 vessels, tonnage 42,000, employing 3110 men.

Aberdeen is a well-known place of export of salmon and other fish. From the rivers Dee and Don some thousands of barrels of salmon are exported annually. The salmon are packed in ice, in a very ingenious manner, and sent to London and other places. A good deal of popular celebrity attaches to Aberdeen on account of its half-dried haddocks, which are used at breakfasts and suppers, and have a peculiar fine flavour. With fresh haddocks, cod, and other white fish, the town is daily supplied in overflowing abundance.

The stone trade has been of considerable advantage to Aberdeen. Besides the quarries, it employs a great number of men to dress the stones preparatory to exportation, and vessels going to London or other places where granite is in request, find it very convenient to take it in as ballast. It was in the year 1704 that the Messrs Adams of London suggested the propriety of using Aberdeenshire granite for paving the streets. Recently, several bridges and other public works in the metropolis have been constructed of this durable material. It is a remarkable fact, that, in 1627, the magistrates of Aberdeen, notwithstanding the abundance of granite in their own immediate neighbourhood, found much difficulty in procuring materials for repairing their "quay head," and had at last to dispatch a person to Dundee, to purchase stones for the building! A short time ago, Mr McDonald, an Aberdeen stone-cutter, discovered a new and much improved method of polishing granite, by which he has succeeded in giving it a face as smooth as, and to some taste more beautiful than, marble. This individual has erected a large work, with a steam-engine for driving his machinery; and it is satisfactory to add, that he has a great number of men employed, and is turning his discovery to the best advantage. He is cutting and polishing the granite for all purposes to which marble has hitherto been applied, and he completed lately an order from Sir Robert Peel, of six pedestals for statuary.

In the city proper, there are no other public buildings of note; but in Old Aberdeen, an ancient decayed burgh near the efflux of the Don, and almost connected by modern streets with the New Town, there are the King's College and the Cathedral Church. Individual parts of the former display much architectural beauty; but, taken as a whole, it presents to the eye an irregular and confused mass of ill-assorted buildings. The interior of the Old Cathedral Church, which forms only a small part of the original building, presents a striking and rather grand appearance. The interior roof is entirely composed of oak, and is covered over with the arms of distinguished princes, peers, and prelates. "Balgowie Brig," or the Old Bridge of Don, is situated near the Cathedral, and is perhaps one of the most curious objects connected with Aberdeen. It is said to have been built by King Robert the Bruce, and this circumstance, joined to its great utility, induced a worthy old gentleman, Sir Alexander Hay, one of the clerks of session, to grant, in 1603, to the Town Council of Aberdeen, certain annuities, amounting to £1,2, 5s, 8d, sterling, for the purpose of keeping the bridge in repair. Being founded on a rock, it required very few repairs for a long period, and the money was laid out and improved at interest till 1709, when the Council purchased it, and some other trust funds, landed property. By the rise in the value of property, the yearly revenue of the fund increased to upwards of £600, and the capital stock consequently accumulated with great rapidity. The Town Council found this fund a never-failing resource in times of difficulty, and it was saddled with many expenses, altogether apart from its original purpose. Even William Pitt was beholden to Alexander Hay's annuities; for, at one period of the French war, when subscriptions were raised all over the country to aid the government, the Town Council of Aberdeen made the "Brig of Balgowie" contribute £350. Notwithstanding repeated drainings, and one large deduction of £18,000 to build a new bridge over the Don, the fund continued to accumulate, till, in 1835, it amounted to nearly £5000. A desire was lately expressed by the municipality to apply £6000 of this sum to rebuild the city schools, which are in a very bad condition; and a bill was brought into Parliament sanctioning this appropriation; but being opposed by the county gentlemen, on the plea that it would be a violation of Sir A. Hay's deed, it was lost in committee. There is an excellent old bridge over the Dee, begun about the year 1500, by Bishop Elphinstone, and finished by Bishop Dunbar in 1627. This bridge was endowed by the first of these excellent prelates, the funds being also under the management of the Town Council. In 1830, a fine chain bridge over the Dee, of very considerable span, was opened to the public; but owing to something inconvenient in the new approaches, the old Bishop's

bridge continues to be preferred, and the chain-bridge is comparatively unfrequented.

The Universities of Aberdeen are attended by about five hundred students, nearly equally divided between King's and Marischal Colleges. King's College, situated in Old Aberdeen, was founded, under papal authority obtained through King James IV., about the end of the fifteenth century, by Bishop Elphinstone. At the time of its institution, very liberal provision was made for its future support; but the endowments of the various Professors, ten in number, including the Principal, are at present by no means large, not averaging much more than £.200 per annum. In Marischal College the endowments are still smaller than in King's, the whole revenue being only £.1577, including £.550 from the Crown, being divided among ten Professors, of whom one holds also the office of Principal. The bursaries attached to both colleges are numerous, and in some instances valuable. At King's College there are, we believe, one hundred and thirty-four bursaries, varying from £.4 to £.27 annually; and at Marischal College there are eighty-one, of nearly similar value. These foundations, which are very carefully managed, afford the means of obtaining an university education to many poor individuals, who could not otherwise hope to prepare themselves for learned professions. Many of the bursars become country schoolmasters; and the result is, that the parish teachers of this district of Scotland are better classical scholars than those of any other district. For the last hundred years, it has been question whether the two colleges ought not to be united into one, with a greater number of professorships, and especially a more complete medical faculty. This subject occupied the attention of the Royal Commissioners in 1826, who decided in favour of the union; and in a Commission recently issued, particular directions are given to investigate the bearings of the question.

In Aberdeen there are many useful educational establishments. In Gordon's Hospital, founded upwards of a hundred years ago, one hundred and thirty boys are maintained and educated till they are sixteen years of age. Under the direction of a Committee of the Town Council, and the management of the present governor, Mr Melvin, several of the more important of the modern improvements in the mode of instruction have been successfully introduced. The Educational Society have erected two schools, one for boys, and another for girls, each capable of containing five hundred, and both are very well attended. In 1835, a fine new school, on the Bell foundation, was opened, and it is already fully occupied; the boys' department holds four hundred, and the girls' two hundred. There is also an Infant School in active operation, and a second has been commenced.

The educational wants of Old Aberdeen have also been well supplied; and in both towns, there are, besides the Grammar and Parochial Schools, teachers employed by the managers of the Poor's Hospitals or Poor's Funds. The private teachers, likewise, are numerous and respectable; and the greater part have their classes visited regularly by the magistrates and clergymen. With the new schools which the Town Council contemplated building from the Bridge of Don Fund, and the introduction of improvements in the mode of teaching, which the same body are anxious to effect, having sent off two of the public teachers during the holidays last year to procure the necessary information, Aberdeen will be well situated in regard to education. Among the inhabitants, generally, a strong and praiseworthy desire for educational improvement is manifested. We understand that a Phenological Society has been formed; and it is expected that a society similar to that which exists in Edinburgh and some other places, for procuring lectures in the evening to the middle classes, will speedily be in full operation. A Mechanics' Institution has been in existence for a considerable number of years. Being, as we have said, the centre of a large district in the north of Scotland, the society to be met with in "braif Aberdeen," as it was anciently and is still entitled to be called, is of a refined and superior description, and only second to what is to be found in the metropolis. Balls, musical and theatrical entertainments, public lectures, and so forth, the significant tokens of an opulent and polished people, are of frequent occurrence.

The city lays claim to great antiquity, and it has always made a conspicuous figure in the history of the country. It has been the birthplace of several eminent individuals, and many of the professors of its Universities have distinguished themselves in art and science. The town at present exhibits a spirit of industry and commercial enterprise that must accelerate, in an extraordinary degree, its future progress. Within a short period, several new factories have been erected, and considerable additions made to old ones; increased power and improved machinery have in many instances been introduced, and the proprietors of some of the largest spinning-mills are making arrangements for extending their works still further. The maritime interests of the city are equally prosperous; the tonnage of the port is steadily increasing; a general activity prevails; and the returns for capital laid out in this department have of late been highly remunerating.

It is pleasing to state, that the modern improvements effected in the town by the indefatigable perseverance of its inhabitants, are not more remarkable than those which have been carried into execution by

the country gentlemen and farmers in the surrounding district. From being a bleak waste fifty years ago, the soil is now rendered productive, and the surface put under the finest state of cultivation. Within these few years, the value of lands in the vicinity of the town has risen very considerably.

OWEN AND ELLEN,

AN IRISH STORY.

OWEN and ELLEN DUNCAN, at the period at which our tale commences, resided in a cabin on the borders of the county of Clare—district at that time in a frightful state of anarchy and confusion. They had not been long married; and never were husband and wife more attached. Notwithstanding Duncan's extreme poverty, he was as happy as a king. His entire possessions consisted of a few acres of miserable land, a cow, a couple of pigs, and the "ould cabin," which consisted of four mud walls, covered with thatch, in which was an opening to let in the day-light, and let out the smoke. Owen had been brought up in this way; and so, as he could live by his labour, never thought of needless luxuries; and Ellen, seeing him contented, was so herself.

For some months previous to the time of which we write, Owen's affairs had been gradually getting worse and worse; and it was with no pleasing anticipations that he looked forward to his approaching rent-day. His uneasiness he studiously kept a secret from his wife, and worked away seemingly with as much cheerfulness as ever, hoping for better days, and *trusting in Providence!* However, when within a week of the time that he expected a call from the agent, he found that with all his industry he had been only able to muster five-and-twenty shillings, and his rent was above five pounds. So, after a good deal of painful deliberation, he thought of selling his single cow, thinking that, by redoubled exertion, he might, after a while, be enabled to repurchase her; forgetting that before the cow was sold was really the time to make the exertion. On communicating his intentions to his wife, she seemed perfectly reconciled to the idea of parting with the animal, and it was agreed on by both that Owen should set out the next day but one for the town, to try and dispose of "the cow, the crathur;" and although poverty had begun to grind them a little, still they had enough to eat, and slept tranquilly. However, it so happened that the very morning on which he had appointed to set out, "Black Bess" was seized for a long arrear of a tax that had not been either asked or paid there for some time, and driven off, with many others belonging to his neighbours, to be sold. Now you must know, good reader, that there is a feeling interwoven, as it were, in the Irish nature, that will doggedly resist any thing that it conceives in the slightest or most remote degree oppressive or unjust; and that feeling then completely usurped all others in Owen's mind. He went amongst his friends, and they condoled with one another about their grievances—there was many a promise exchanged, that they would stand by each other in their future resistance to what they considered an unlawful impost. When the rent-day came, by disposing of his two pigs, and by borrowing a little, he was enabled to pay the full amount, and thus protract for some time the fear "ov bein' turned out on the world."

Some days after, the whole country was in a tumult. Daly, "the proctor," was found murdered in the centre of the high road, and there was no clue perceptible, by which the perpetrators of the crime could be discovered. The very day before, Owen had borrowed the gamekeeper's gun, to go, as he said, to a wild, mountainous part of the country, to shoot hares; and from this circumstance, and his not having returned the day after, a strong feeling of suspicion against him was in the minds of most. The police had come to the cabin in search of him; and their report to the magistrate was, that he had absconded. His wife was in a miserable state of mind, and her whole soul was tortured with conflicting emotions. While sitting at night rocking over an almost extinct fire of turf, in an agony of mind it would be difficult to describe, she occasionally muttered to herself, "No, he can't be guilty. Owen commit a murdher! It must be an untruth!" and such like expressions. Gradually, as she thus thought aloud, her motions became more rapid, and her cheeks were no longer dry. Suddenly, Owen entered the cabin, and stood before her. She sprang eagerly forward, and hung on his neck, while she joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, heaven be praised, you're come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, an' to prove yer innocence."

"Ellen, my darlin'," he answered, "I knew you'd be glad to get me back," and he kissed again and again her burning lips; "but what do you mane, acushla? What reports do you speake ov, an' ov what am I accused?"

"Oh, thin, Owen, I'm glad you didn't even hear ov it; an' the police here sarchin' the house to make you pris'ner. Shure, Bill Daly, the proctor, that sazed poor Black Bess, was murdered the very mornin' you wint to shoot the hares; an' on account ov yer borryin' the gun, an' threatennin' him the day ov the sale, they said it was you that done it; but I giv them all the lie, for I knew you wot innocent. Now, Owen, you look tired; sit down, an' I'll get you somethin' to ate. Och, but I'm glad that you're returned safe!"

Owen now explained the reason of his absence. In

the pursuit of game on the mountains, he had been led farther from home than he had intended, and, most unluckily, he was seized and detained for some time by a band of smugglers, on the supposition that he was a spy. By taking a solemn oath, not to disclose the cause of his detention, he had been allowed to escape. While Duncan was cheering his wife with his narrative, and declaring his intention to deliver himself up to the magisterial authorities for examination, the tramp of feet was heard outside, and in a few seconds the cabin was full of armed men, who came to take him prisoner. He had been seen entering his cabin; and they immediately—that is, as soon as they could muster a party—set out to make him captive. As he was known to most of them, and did not make the slightest attempt at resistance, they treated him gently, but bound his hands firmly behind his back, and took every necessary precaution. Though Ellen, while it seemed at a distance, had conversed calmly about his surrender, she was violently agitated at the appearance of the armed force. She clung to her husband's knees, and refused to part from him, wildly screaming, "He's innocent!—my husband's innocent!" and when all was prepared, she walked by his side to the magistrate's house (a distance of three miles), her choking sobs and burning tears attesting the violence of her uncontrolled feelings. A short examination was gone through there, and the circumstantial evidence that was adduced, made the case look very serious. One man positively swore that he had seen Duncan pass by in the morning, in the direction where the body was found, and that he was armed with a gun. Another, that in about an hour afterwards he had heard a shot, but supposed it was some person coursing, and that the report was just where the body was found, and where Owen had been seen proceeding to. His only cow having been seized by Daly, a threat that he was heard uttering, and his absence from home, were duly commented on; and, finally, he was committed to prison to abide his trial at the Ennis assizes. While all this was going forward, Ellen's emotions were most agonizing. She stared wildly at the magistrate and the two witnesses; and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if she thought she were under the influence of a dream. But when the final committal was made out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms round him, wildly exclaimed—

"They shan't part us—they shan't tear us asunder!"

No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to prison! Oh, is id come to this wid us? You to be dragged from home, accused of murder—and I—Father of many cies, keep me in my sins—I'm goin' mad—wid mad to

"Ellen!" said Owen, gently unwinding her arms and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek; "Ellen, astore mactar, don't be overcomme. There's a good girl, dirty yet eyes. That God that knows I'm guiltless, if bring me safe through all. May his blessin' be on you, my poor colleen, till we meet agin! You know you can come an' see me. Heaven purteck you, Ellen—heaven purteck you!"

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power, and, but for the arm of a bystander, would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was at length enabled to reach her cabin.

It is strange how man's feelings and powers are swayed by outward circumstances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances. So it was with Owen. Although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife—although conscious of his own innocence—and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous circle of friends, yet still his spirit drooped. The gloom of imprisonment—the idea of danger—the ignominy of public execution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his mental strength; and when the assize time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former full, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this, can dire and harrowing thoughts exhibit its influence on the human frame!

Never was there a finer or more beautiful morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was Ennis in such a state of feverish excitement. Daly's murder was as sought in the minds of all; in comparison with Duncan's accusation. Also, the former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be very much thought of; but the latter, namely, Owen's being suspected, was a subject of the extreme wonder. His former high character, his sobriety, his quietness, and his being a native of the town, in some measure accounted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men's minds, that he was guiltless of the crime of which he was accused. Although the court-house was crowded, yet, when the prisoner was called to the bar, a pin could be heard to drop in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and healthy countryman, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the iron railing, confronted the judges and the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and earnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look a fear, a hope, an un-

the tenderness; and when his eyes met hers, there was a proud, yet soft, and warm expression in its glance, that reassured her sinking heart. "What can be the details of this most interesting trial? The strong circumstantial evidence which was laid against poor Duncan, was deemed conclusive to his guilt; and he was condemned to death. When all was over, Ellen seemed only then to awake to consciousness. Her eyes slowly opened to their fullest extent—their expression of despair was absolutely frightful—a low, writhing, half-choking sob, forced itself from between her lips; and ere a hand could be outstretched to save her, she fell, as if quickly dashed to the ground by no mortal power—her piercing shriek of agony ringing through the court-house, with a fearful, prolonged cadence.

Evening approached, and the busy crowd of idlers had passed away—some to brood over what they had seen, and others to forget, in the bustle of life, that there were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, as his execution was not to take place till the commission was over—thus giving him more than a week to prepare for that final doom. The light that struggled through the bars of his cell rested fully on the stooping figure of his wife, as she bent over the rude bed on which he lay; and her hot tears fell fast down her cheeks, as she thought how soon they were doomed to part for ever. Hope was not, however, entirely dead within her; for the jury had strongly recommended him to mercy; and ignorant as she was of forms and ceremonies—helpless as lone woman in misfortune always is—she had determined on going to Dublin, to meet at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant—then the proud and whimsical Duke of —, and there to solicit his pardon. Having hesitated for some time as to the manner in which she should break it to him, and ask his advice, she thus began—

"Owen, dear Owen! do you know what I've been thinkin' ov, an' where I've been thinkin' ov goin'?" "There was no more returned for some time, and on looking at him more earnestly, she was astonished to find that he had sunk into a profound slumber. "Och," thought she, "is not there?" and her resolution was taken instantly. She would not wake him—she would not let him know her purpose—and if she succeeded—her eyes flashed through her tears at the anticipation of his rapturous surprise.

"On the third night from the events which we have narrated, a poor woman was observed wending her faltering way through the streets of the metropolis. Her appearance bespoke fatigue and long travel; and as she neared the Upper Castlegate, she had to lean against the railing for support. The lamps were lighted, carriages rolling to and fro, and all the buzz of life was ringing to her ears; but, oh! from the expression of pain and suffering in her face, and the shrinking with which she surveyed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little associated with the sounds by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide court-yard—a flood of light was streaming from the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers stood round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there were a revel of some kind going on. Her heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt, that, amid the bustle of company and splendour, her poor appeal might be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, however, several of the persons assembled turned suddenly back by the soldiers that were on guard; and, when she advanced a step or two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her, with a blow of the end of his musket, back against the pillars. He intended to repeat his violence, when the poor creature fell on her knees before him, screaming, "Mister Justice, don't stop me! I'm only goin' in to plead for my husband's life, an' shure you won't mind me? I've travell'd many a weary mile to get here at this time, an' for mercy's sake, let me pass!"

At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady —, one of the wildest, strangest, and most beautified females of the Irish court, set down its heavy burden. Having seen the transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen's pathetic appeal, her ladyship, without instantly, to get Ellen admitted to the presence-chamber. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her; and while passing up the grand staircase, amid the wondering gaze and suprised wonder of the servants, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and assured her not to be faint-hearted, she led the way into the presence-chamber. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment, and every voice was hushed, as Lady — entered, her cheeks blushing from excitement, and her eyes bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly clad Ellen by the hand, who dared not look up, but with her gaze riveted on the splendid interior, was brought like an automaton to the feet of the duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

"With your excellency's pleasure," began Lady —, "I'm mimicking the brutes, to hear this poor crathor's complaint? Her husband has been condemned to die for a murder he didn't commit by no manner of means, as the saying is, an' as there was a strong recommendation to mercy, if you'll grant him a reprieve, you'll have all our prayers, and (in an understatement) your excellency knows you want them."

The duke seemed a little bewildered, as if he could

not make out what it meant, and the glittering crowd now all surrounded the group; when Ellen, who had ventured to look timidly up, conceiving that the duke hesitated about the pardon (poor creature), "the little knew that he had not even heard of Owen's trial" eagerly grasped the drapery of his chair, and while the big tears rolled from beneath her eyelids, exclaimed, "Oh! may the great and just Providence, that sees the workin' of all our hearts, pour a blessin' on your lordship's head—may His holy grace be wid you for ever an' ever, an' do listen to my prayers! My husband is innocent, an', oh! as you hope for mercy at the last day, be merciful now to him."

"Lady —," said the duke, "what is the meaning of all this—will you explain?"

"Your excellency," answered she, in the natural sweet pathos of her tones, "it is a poor man who has been condemned to die on circumstantial evidence. He has been strongly recommended to mercy, and this weeping female is his wife. I found her outside praying for admission, and have brought her hither. She has travelled, mostly on foot, upwards of ninety miles, to ask a pardon; and I trust you will not refuse a reprieve, till your grace has time to inquire into the matter. This is the head and front of my offending."

"My heaven bless yer ladyship," burst from the depths of Ellen's grateful heart, "fur befrindin' them that had no support but his gracious mercy."

Lady —'s suit was eagerly seconded by many a fair creature who thronged around; and the duke smiled, as he answered, "Well, well! one could not refuse so many fair beseechers, so we will order him to be reprieved. And there, now, let the poor woman be removed."

Ellen's heart was light, and her eye was glad, and her very innocent soul was thankful to the Omnipotent, as she that night rested a few hours, ere she set out on her return; and Lady —, as she pressed her costly pillow, felt a fuller sense of happiness in being useful to her fellow-creature, than ever she experienced before. Oh! that all the wealthy and in power were incited by similar feelings.

The remainder of our simple tale is soon told. The reprieve arrived—the sentence was changed to banishment—and the very day appointed for Owen's death was that of his wife's successful return. One week previous to the embarkation of those sentenced to transportation, a man was to be executed for sheep-stealing. On the drop he confessed his guilt, and that he, and not Duncan, was the murderer of Daly. Owen was immediately released, and a subscription raised for him; with which, as well as with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady —, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought "Black Bess."

DUFAVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

One morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the labourers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatening to fall in. Dufavel did not, however, profit by the warning, but exclaiming, "Bah! I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth.

When about half way down, he heard some large stones falling, but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able, but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell in upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the superincumbent sand from falling down upon him; otherwise, he must have been smothered at once.

It will be easy to picture the horror and despair of poor Dufavel, when he found himself thus buried alive in the bowels of the earth, and to all appearance for ever separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine! He had a wife and child; and when his thoughts turned to these beloved objects, whom he was seemingly never more to behold, and who were henceforth to be left without a protector, how must his heart have been wrung, and how bitterly must he have regretted his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself! But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared the future, he did not, even in the dreadful si-

ence as it was, in immediate danger, do he any good. Abridged from an attractive and interesting volume, entitled "The Poets from the Dublin Penny Journal," just published.

In the original French narrative, from which this is translated, the word *siècle* is used, which we presume is a technical term for a species of basket in which workmen hold their tools.

cuation in which he was placed, give way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life, in the hope that his companions might yet succeed in saving him. Impossible as such a deliverance appeared to be. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him up to the surface, he observed that in their vain efforts they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him, in such a manner as to endanger his safety. He therefore cut the rope with his knife, which he had no sooner done than it was drawn up by those at the mouth of the well. The hole made by the passage of this rope was afterwards of great use to Dufavel. By it he received supplies of fresh air, and, eventually, of food and drink; while through it he was enabled to converse with those who descended into the well for that purpose, which it was still possible to do, as the mass of shot sand above him had only filled up about fifteen feet of the well.

In the utter darkness of his melancholy prison-house, Dufavel was enabled, in a curious enough manner, to keep a reckoning of the progress of time. A large fly found its way into his cell, and continued to keep him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard this insect buzzing about, he understood that it was day, and when it went to sleep, he concluded that night had arrived. This winged time-keeper boarded as well as lodged with him, as he was made aware by the circumstance, that, in lifting his food, he frequently disturbed the fly, which had been seated upon it helping itself without ceremony, and which, when thus interrupted in its repast, flew away buzzing, as if intending to reproach him for his unkindness in refusing it a share. He afterwards confessed that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him during his sufferings, and that he had often envied the facility with which it could pass and repass through the narrow opening between his dark dungeon and the upper world.

While Dufavel was tenanting his lonely prison, his fellow-workmen were doing every thing they could to effect his rescue. At first they feared that he had perished; but when they drew up the rope, and saw that it had been cut through in the manner already mentioned, they knew that he must yet be alive, and redoubled their exertions in his behalf. But more skillful persons than these poor labourers were soon engaged in the same good work; for the municipal authorities of Lyons, on being informed of the situation of Dufavel, procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of reaching him. In the meantime, his singular fate had become a subject of general interest. Prayers for his safety were offered up in the churches of Lyons; and the inhabitants of that city and the places adjacent thronged in such numbers every day to Champvert, the name of the place where the accident happened, that it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers round the scene of the accident, to prevent the crowd from obstructing the operations of the miners.

Meanwhile, the situation of Dufavel was daily becoming more deplorable. The cavity in which he was enclosed had at first been seven feet deep, but, by the third day of his confinement, it had become so much smaller, in consequence of the accumulation of the falling sand at the bottom of the well, and the gradual sinking of the mass above, that he could no longer stand, nor even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly inconvenient and painful manner. He was pressed down on his back against the bottom of the wall, while the upper part of his body was bent forward by the planks on which it rested. His right leg was doubled back below his body, while his left was extended at full length, and the foot squeezed in between two planks. His head was bent over on one side, and pressed down against his left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and he availed himself of this fortunate circumstance to cut away with his knife such parts of the broken woodwork as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole by which he communicated with the exterior.

Such was the dangerous and difficult nature of the ground, that nearly a week elapsed from the time of Dufavel's imprisonment, before the miners had formed an excavation to a depth equal to that of the bottom of the well, although they worked night and day. On Friday the 9th of September, having now descended several feet lower than the level of Dufavel's cell, they began to form a slightly ascending passage or gallery towards it. At this time the officer who directed the operations expected they would be able to reach Dufavel in about twenty-four hours; but the increasing obstacles presented by the treacherous nature of the soil, soon showed the fallacy of this hope. So unsafe was the ground, that the miners durst neither use pickaxes nor shovels, lest they should be overwhelmed by the loosened sand. In a passage two feet and a half in height, and two feet in width, the foremost miners worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously, with light blows of a hammer, a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterwards gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus detached. The progress made by such means was necessarily very slow, and did not in general amount to more than about two inches per hour,

exclusive of the delays occasionally produced by partial fallsings of the ground. Considerable obstruction was also experienced from the difficulty of keeping lamps burning in so contracted a passage, and a pair of forge-hollows had to be used from time to time, for the purpose of supplying fresh air.

All this time Dufavel was bearing up bravely. A cousin of his, who was, like himself, a well-digger, having gone down to speak with him, Dufavel inquired what progress the miners were making, and begged that he would not deceive him respecting his chances of escape. "You observe," said he, "that I am keeping up my spirits." When told that it was hoped he would be set free on the following day, "That will make more than eight days," replied he, "that I shall have been kept here; but I can wait well enough till then." He afterwards spoke of his wife, and charged his cousin to tell her from him to be of good cheer, and not to allow herself to lose heart. Care was taken to supply him daily with broth, wine, and other articles of nourishment, by means of a small bottle, which was lowered to him through the hole formerly mentioned as having been made by the pulling out of the rope. Forge-hollows were employed at intervals to supply him with air, through a tube inserted into the same passage. A small lamp had also been sent down to him, together with a long narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the sand which was constantly accumulating about his feet and legs, and which must soon have caused his destruction, if he had not been thus enabled to remove it. That he might be furnished with the means of attracting the attention of those above whenever he wished to speak with them, a bell was suspended at the top of the well, which he could ring by pulling a small cord, the end of which was passed down to him for that purpose.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived, and Dufavel remained in his subterranean abode. On Tuesday the 14th of September, they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them nearly two days longer before they were able to reach him, although their exertions were incessant, and directed with the utmost professional skill. Every minute the ground was giving way, and it sometimes took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution when they approached Dufavel, for there was great reason to fear that, whenever a communication should be made between the bottom of the well and the gallery in which they were working, the mass of sand above his head would fall down, and perhaps suffocate him, even, as it were, before their eyes.

At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday the 16th of September, the miners succeeded in effecting a small opening into the well, just behind the shoulders of Dufavel, who shouted for joy at seeing them. They then began to saw through the planks on which he was leaning, in order to open a passage through which they might drag him. In this work Dufavel himself assisted them with his knife; and after their united efforts had removed the obstacles from his way, he turned himself round, and, springing forward, threw his arms round the neck of the person nearest him, and was safely pulled into the horizontal gallery in which the miners were. He was conveyed along to the commencement of the ascending passage, where he was enveloped in blankets, to protect him from the cold, of which he was particularly sensitive, after remaining so long buried in the earth. He was then seated in an arm-chair, and drawn up to the surface of the ground amidst the acclamations of a large crowd of spectators. Several eminent physicians were in attendance, and, after examining his condition, and pronouncing it to be highly satisfactory, they caused him to be placed in a litter, in which he was carried in procession, preceded by persons bearing torches, and followed by the multitude, to the house of a gentleman who resided in the vicinity. There he was put to bed, one of the medical men, M. Bienvenu, watching beside him while he slept. His slumbers were troubled, and the doctor, perceiving this, soon awoke him. "Ah! you have done well in waking me," cried Dufavel; "but surely my head has been crushed, and my body wounded"—and he felt himself with his hand, to ascertain whether this was not really the case. In his feverish sleep he had dreamed that he was attacked by two furious bulls, which crushed him between them till his bones were cracking. His mind, however, soon became tranquillised again, and a profuse perspiration taking place, he felt greatly relieved, and gave M. Bienvenu a detailed account of what had occurred to him during the period of his seclusion.

We shall not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with that wife whom he had once thought he was never to see again; nor shall we do more than allude to the tears of joy which he shed over his infant child, which did not at first recognise him, muffled up as he still was, to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than fortnight's growth.

In the afternoon he was so well that Doctor Bienvenu condescended to his being conveyed to his own home, and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended, as before, by a great concourse of people.

Dufavel was now out of danger, but the excitement which his extraordinary fate had produced, was not yet suffered to die away. On the week following his de-

liverance, the transactions at Champs were dramatised for representation on the Parisian stage, and attempts were even made to induce Dufavel himself to undertake his own part in the drama. This however, he declined doing, but, not to be behind his neighbours in turning his sufferings to account, he set about composing a narrative of his experiences in his subterranean prison, which he shortly after published, embellished with his portraits, and a quidbrol.

PRINCE RADAMA OF MADAGASCAR.

MADAGASCAR, one of the largest and finest islands in the world, is not alone interesting from the adventures of Robert Drury and Count Benyowsky, both of which have been detailed in the Journal; it is fully as deserving of notice, from having, in recent times, been a spot in which a powerful effort was made by a native prince, to elevate a whole nation from the condition of savages to that of a people civilised. A few words on the extent and character of the island, cannot be unacceptable in giving an account of this bold and humane effort.

This island lies on the eastern coast of Southern Africa, about three hundred miles from that continent, and is about eight hundred miles in length, by from one hundred to three hundred in breadth. The extinct craters yet visible prove its volcanic origin, which is corroborated by the lofty mountainous ranges occupying a great portion of its surface. As might be expected, there is every variety of scenery in the island. Numerous rivers, taking their rise in the highlands, pursue their course to the ocean through valleys of every possible character and aspect. Several lakes, one of which is above seventy miles in circumference, heighten still further the varying nature of the scenery. Woods also, or rather forests, exist in great abundance, and the universal richness of the soil renders vegetation plentiful and luxuriant. The trees are of the most valuable kinds; sandal, black and white ebony, and green and white spotted, are of the number. Fruit-trees are equally common, the principal of them being the vine, pine-apple, cherry, peach, bread-fruit, and coffee-tree. To these may be added several species useful for manufacturing purposes, such as the cotton-tree, and sagou, from the latter of which the natives produce stiffs in high esteem. The sagou-tree yields, besides, the well-known pectoral and alimentary substance, termed in Britain *sago*. In addition to these valuable products, Madagascar presents in abundance the sugar-cane, rice, several kinds of yams, ginger, pepper, the indigo plant, tobacco, saffron, and several other valuable substances. Rice and yams are the articles chiefly employed as food by the natives. The island is rich also in mineral productions; tin, lead, iron, copper, and gold, have been all found in it, and particularly iron. Precious stones, rock-crystal, and mineral salt, may be added to the list of important products.

An enumeration so comprehensive as the preceding must render every one disposed to concur in the opinion of Malte-Brun, who observes, "that its fertility, progressive elevation, the varied nature of its soil, and the different modifications of the air, which, in an extent of fourteen degrees from north to south, is favourable to the cultivation of all vegetables peculiar to hot and temperate climates, tend to make this island one of the most important in the world, in regard to colonisation and commerce. It abounds, moreover, in convenient anchorages." To all these advantages we ought to add the great number of useful and domestic animals. Oxen of excellent breed and quality; hogs, wild and tame, sheep, goats, geese, ducks, pheasants, and many other animals, abound in the island. The horse is not a native animal; there are, however, asses of a strong breed. The waters of Madagascar swarm with fish; shell-fish, in particular, being plentiful, and affording, some of them, shells of great beauty and value as ornaments. Whales, too, of a peculiar kind, frequent the coasts during the rainy season, and might supply important fisheries. There are few noxious animals, comparatively, to counterbalance the benefits derived from these useful ones. The crocodiles are the greatest evils, being very numerous in the rivers. A species of leopard, termed the *catambo*, and an animal of the jackall tribe, are almost the only beasts of prey found in the interior. Snakes also exist in considerable numbers, but they do not appear to be either formidable in size or venomous in bite.

It is difficult to form a conjecture, why an island, endowed with natural advantages of so rare an order, should not have assumed long ago a higher place in the eye of the world, if not by the efforts of its inhabitants, at least by colonisation. So far, however, is this from being the case, that it is only within these few years that the world has known any thing definite respecting even the outline and geography of the island.

In the slave-trade unquestionably much of this darkness was owing, seeing that the beings who conducted that inhuman traffic, instead of instructing the inhabitants, and imparting to them the blessings of civilisation, visited their coast only for the purpose of kidnapping them, and carrying them into bondage. The scale of the slave-trade, and the detraction to the best interests of man inflicted by that horrible pestilence! A better day has dawned, however, and Madagascar may in time fill the position which she so amply filled for her. Indeed, the change has already been felt, as we shall immediately show.

The French made various attempts, during the last century, to seize the island, but without success. They however, considered it a dependency of the Mauritius, and it was claimed by the English from them in 1814. About the latter period, a prince or king of one of the native tribes, who was named Radama, had the courage and ingenuity to reduce the island to his subjection. Radama was one of those luminaries who occasionally arise in the midst of darkness, and startle the repose of barbarism. He arose as the great reformer of his country. Perceiving, or hearing of the superiority of European civilisation, he looked to the English for the means of humanising his people. Treating with the governor of Mauritius, he consented to abolish the slave-trade in his dominions, on condition that ten of his subjects should be sent to England, and ten to Mauritius, for education. Those sent to England were placed under the care of the London Missionary Society, who sent missionaries and mechanics to Madagascar. Thus every thing was put in a fair train for introducing the arts of social life, and the influence of Christian principles. Such was the success of the missionaries in the island, that, in 1826, children to the number of two thousand were taught in their schools, and parts of the Scriptures were translated into the native languages. The treaty with respect to the suppression of the slave-trade was firmly kept by Radama, who put to death some of his own relations, caught in the attempt to evade the law.

Radama was a mere youth when he made himself master of the whole of his native island. The following is his portrait drawn by Lieut. Butler, who had great opportunities of seeing and speaking with him— "Radama, though upwards of thirty years old, appeared a good deal younger; his stature did not exceed five feet five inches, and his figure was slight, elegant, and graceful. His appearance was altogether much more like that of a courier than of a hero, the idol of a warlike people, and the terror of surrounding foes. He spoke and wrote both French and English with facility." His features were well formed, his eyes dark and expressive, and his manner in conversation rather diffident. He, as well as his suite and bodyguards, dressed always in elegant European uniform. The trading and commercial intercourse between Madagascar and Mauritius, was of course, the means by which the foreign luxuries and comforts were introduced to the island.

The rule of Radama was one of strict justice, and, by incessant endeavours, he succeeded in abolishing many of the cruel and superstitious customs of his subjects. One improvement we cannot help alluding to, from the striking resemblance it bears to an incident in the history of another reformer, the *Ozar Poco*. Radama, disgusted with the filth consequent upon the greasing and oiling of the long locks of his subjects, appeared one day, at a review of his troops, with his own hair closely cut into a crop. As he expected, the young men ran home, and appeared as soon as possible with their hair cut in a similar way. The women, however, and particularly the old ones, whose pride and task it had been to dress their husbands' heads, were thrown into violent commotion, and crowding to the palace, actually raised such a disturbance as to threaten the king's life and throne. Radama endeavoured in vain to appease them, and it was only after practising some severities that he told himself safe from injury.

The partiality of Radama for the British, and his unceasing desire to emulate their knowledge and skill, were strongly evinced during the visit of Captain Owen to the coasts of Madagascar. Accompanied by several of his chiefs, the king dined on board the *Azamocaste* with the commodore. It was the first time that Radama had seen so large a vessel, and his admiration was unbounded. Nothing escaped his eye, and his remarks were many and pertinent. What was passing in his active mind, was shown by his exhibition of feeling, when the commodore remarked upon the fine harbours of the island, and offered to train several natives as seamen, assuring the prince, at the same time, that vessels only were wanting to ensure commerce to his ports. "Radama rose from his seat. His ecstasy at the idea was too great for utterance; it glistened in his expressive eye; it flushed on his cheek." He held his head down as if wrapped in a reverie of delighted anticipation; as if his mortal eye beheld in his harbours the flags of many nations waving peacefully beside his own. This exultation continued throughout the evening, and showed itself in various innocent pleasantries.

Unfortunately for the welfare of this extensive island territory, as well as for the interests of civilisation, this great-minded man was not suffered to finish his glorious career in peace. In the year 1828, in the midst of his well-conceived plans of melioration, he was cut off by base and insidious murder; being poisoned by his wife, who forthwith elevated a worth-

the paramount to the throne. Insurrections immediately followed; within a year, the new king separated himself from the queen, and established an independent power in Port-Dauphin; while throughout the island, the petty chiefs whom Radama had conquered, again seized on their lost authority, and all was restored to confusion and anarchy.

JACK AND GILL.

[The following week criticism of the old childish rhyme of "Jack and Gill," will be considered a happy satire on the prosing trouble and affection of learning of modern literary reviewers. The writer is Mr Joseph Dennis, an American author.]

AMONG critical writers, it is a common remark, that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudice, should guide the public taste, and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavour to introduce to the nation a work, which, though of considerable excellence, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude, has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute, chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which, in this age of luxurious refinement, is deemed only a secondary beauty; and from its being the favourite of the young, who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellencies. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my infirmity, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work thus highly praised is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhyming were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem; and more particularly as these verses contain more beauty than we often find in a poem of four thousand lines, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge, that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness, and its uncommon metre, seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candour, though not with the meanness, of a good critic, to analyse and display its various excellencies.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful:—

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should begin "ab ovo," but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy: for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear, and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace (once of the quorum), together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honourable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all the epic writers after him have fallen, since, by thus statuting their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to their assistance, they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice too of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendour of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles; which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disengaged, by our author, who, by giving us plain Jack and Gill, has dispensed to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonise with his neighbour, to whom, in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
Went up a hill.

Hope the imagery is distinct, yet the description confused. We instinctively figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of deservity, barrenness, rockiness, softness, &c.; all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. Now, the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea, comprehending person, rising ground, tree, &c., is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, be-

cause superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it a hill, and others the hill; for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for,

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding; a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pythias and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labours, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to fill their pail or bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple, and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also, he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. It has been objected, that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious *Aeneas*. Yet! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants which they raised by their labours. Is not our author more judicious than *Apollonius*, who chooses for the heroes of his *Argonautica* a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep-skin? And if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable *Rebecca* busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the *Odyssey* delight us by her diligence in the same situation—and has not a learned *Dunn* proved that it was quite fashionable in *Peloponnesus*? Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed; but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, lost his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the wayfarers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labours. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
Went up a hill.

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the crown has much perplexed the commentators. The learned *Microphilus*, in the 513th page of his "Cursory Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of *Alfred*, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the eakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, *Vandergruten*, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing, that, as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support

the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.

In the midst of our afflictions, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which on this occasion is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of *Adam Smith*, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that, had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was the occiput, or which of the ossa frontalis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoid suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing; but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps, rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense."

Jack fell down,
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of *Sisyphus*.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*; a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to accident. To the illustration of the subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

NORTH AMERICA has its fashionable watering-places as well as Europe. The Germans have their Spas, the English their Leamington, Harrogate, and Cheltenham, and the North Americans their Ballston and Saratoga. Both of these last-mentioned places are situated in the state of New York, at the distance of half a day's journey, by railway and other conveyances, north of Albany, on the Hudson river. Saratoga Springs are the most celebrated, and possess the greatest attraction, whether for real or affected valetudinarians. Here there are extensive establishments for the accommodation of the numerous invalids and people of fashion who resort hither during those sultry summer months when New York and other cities are too hot for patient endurance.

This pleasant place of resort is situated on an elevated spot of ground, surrounded by a productive level country, and enjoys, if not the advantage of prospect, at least the advantage of a salubrious air and climate, contributing much to the health and benefit of its numerous visitors. The springs, so justly celebrated for their medicinal virtues, are situated on the margin of a vale, bordering the village on the east, and are a continuation of a chain of springs, discovering themselves about twelve miles to the south, in the town of Ballston, and extending easterly in the form of a crescent, to the Quaker village. In the immediate vicinity are ten or twelve springs, the principal of which are the Congress, the Hamilton, the High Rock, the Columbian, the Flat Rock, the Washington, and the President Springs. About a mile east are found a cluster of mineral springs, which go by the name of the Ten Springs.

The chief, or Congress Spring, situated at the south end of the village, was first discovered in the summer of 1792, issuing from a crevice in the rock, a few feet from its present location. Here it flowed for a number of years, until an attempt to improve the surface around it produced an accidental obstruction of its waters, which afterwards made their appearance at the place where they now flow. It is enclosed by a tube sunk into the earth to the distance of twelve or fourteen feet, which conveys it from the water of a stream, adjoining which it is situated.

* What follows is quoted, in a condensed form, from "Letters about the Hudson River and its Vicinity, by a Citizen of New York," 1826.

From an analysis made by Dr Steel, it appears that a gallon of the water contains the following substances:—Chloride of sodium, 385 grains; hydroxide of soda, 11-2 grains; bicarbonate of soda, nearly 9 grains; bicarbonate of magnesia, nearly 96 grains; carbonate of lime, a little more than 96 grains; carbonate of iron, upwards of 5 grains; silic, 1-2 grains; carbonic acid gas, 311 cubic inches; atmospheric air, 7 inches.

To this spring, perhaps more than any other spot on the globe, are seen repairing in the summer mornings, before breakfast, persons of almost every grade and condition, from the most exalted to the most abject. The beautiful and the deformed, the rich and the poor, the devotee of pleasure and the invalid, all congregate here for purposes as various as are their situations in life. To one fond of witnessing the great diversity in the human character, this place affords an ample field for observation. Most persons soon become fond of the water; but the effect on those who taste it for the first time is frequently unpleasant. To such, the other fountains are generally more palatable, having a less saline taste than the Congress. At three of the principal springs, large and convenient bathing-houses have been erected, which are the constant resort for pleasure, as well as health, during the warm season.

The mineral waters, both at Ballston and Saratoga, are supposed to be the product of the same great laboratory, and they all possess nearly the same properties, varying only as to the quantity of the different articles held in solution. The waters contain murite of soda, hydroxide of soda, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, oxide of iron, and some of them a minute quantity of silica and alumina. Large quantities of carbonic acid gas are also contained in the waters, giving to them a sparkling and lively appearance. The Congress, in particular, the moment it is dipped, contains nearly one-half more than its bulk of gas; a quantity unprecedented in any natural waters elsewhere discovered.

The waters are remarkably limpid, and when first dipped, sparkle with all the life of good champagne. The saline waters bear bottling very well, particularly the Congress, immense quantities of which are put up in this way, and transported to various parts of the world; not, however, without a considerable loss of its gaseous property, which renders its taste much more insipid than when drunk at the well. The chalybeate water is likewise put up in bottles for transportation, but a very trifling loss of its gas produces an immediate precipitation of its iron; and hence this water, when it has been bottled for some time, frequently becomes turbid, and finally loses every trace of iron; this substance fixing itself to the walls of the bottle.

The most prominent and perceptible effects of these waters, when taken into the stomach, are *cathartic*, *diuretic*, and *tonic*. They are much used in a great variety of complaints; but the diseases in which they are most efficacious, are jaundice and bilious affections generally, dyspepsia, and scorbutic affections. In all pulmonary affections arising from primary diseases of the lungs, the waters are manifestly injurious, and evidently tend to increase the violence of the disease.

The boarding establishments of the first class at Saratoga Springs, are the Congress Hall and Union Hall, at the south end of the village, the Pavilion at the north, and the United States Hotel in a central situation between them. Besides these, there are a number of other boarding-houses on a less extensive scale, the most noted of which are Montgomery Hall and the York House, in the south part, and the Columbian Hotel and Washington Hall, in the north part of the village; Prospect Hall is beautifully located about one mile north-west of the village, and is a very respectable establishment. The Congress Hall is situated within a few rods of the Congress Spring, to which a handsome walk, shaded with trees, has been constructed for the convenience of guests. The space in front of the building is occupied by three apartments, each of which is enclosed by a railing, terminating at the front entrances of the piazza, and each used as a flower garden. The edifice is two hundred feet in length, three stories high, besides an attic, and has two wings extending back, one sixty, and the other about one hundred feet. In front of the hall is a spacious piazza, extending the whole length of the building, twenty feet in width, with a canopy from the roof, supported by seventeen massive columns, each of which is gracefully entwined with woodbine. There is also a back piazza, which opens upon a beautiful garden annexed to the establishment, and a small grove of pines, affording both fragrance and shade to their loitering guests. The Congress Hall can accommodate from two hundred and fifty to three hundred visitors, and is justly ranked among the most elegant establishments in the Union. The United States Hotel, the Pavilion, and the Union Hall, are nearly as extensive, each being able to accommodate two hundred and fifty visitors.

That time may not hang heavy on the hands of those who attend the springs, ample provision is made for literary recreation, besides other kinds of amusement. Connected with a printing-office and book-store, there is a reading-room, a mineralogical museum, and a library. The reading-room is furnished with about a hundred newspapers from different parts of the United States and from the Canada, besides several periodical publications. The mineralogical apartment is on the second story, to which stairs lead from the reading-room. This apartment contains specimens

of all the minerals discovered in this vicinity, together with a variety from different parts of the Union, and from Europe. An apartment adjoining the reading-room contains a library of about two thousand volumes, which are well selected, and receive constant additions from the most fashionable productions of the day. There is also kept at the room a register of the names of the visitors at the springs, their residence and places of board. The names thus entered frequently number from six to eight thousand in the course of the season.

These rooms afford a pleasant retreat from the noise and bustle of the boarding establishments, and are much frequented by ladies and gentlemen of taste and fashion. The terms are reasonable, and are scarcely an equivalent, considering the extent and usefulness of the institution.

At both the villages of Ballston and Saratoga Springs, there are always sufficient objects of amusement to render the transient residence of their summer guests pleasant and agreeable. Those whose taste is not gratified at the billiard-rooms, which are annexed to most of the boarding establishments, can always enjoy a mental recreation at the reading-rooms; a ride on the railroad, carriages for which leave both villages several times a-day; or a short excursion in the neighbourhood, where sufficient beauty and novelty of scenery are always presented to render it interesting. The amusements of the day are usually crowned with a ball or promenade. The spacious areas of the cottedton rooms are between eighty and ninety feet in length, and when enlivened by the associated beauty and gaiety resorting to the springs, present a scene of novelty and fascination seldom equalled. About two miles east from Saratoga Springs, there is also a small fish-pond, situated on the farm of a Mr Barhyte. Parties often resort thither, as well to enjoy the amusements of fishing as to partake of a repast on trout, the proprietor reserving to himself the exclusive privilege of serving them up.

JOHN HETHERINGTON'S DREAM.

In a certain small town in the west of Scotland, there lived, several years ago, a decent old tailor, of the name of John Hetherington; that is to say, John was well with the world, but, like many others of his craft, he was sorely addicted to cabbaging. Not a coat could he make, not a pair of trousers could he cut up, not a waistcoat could he stitch up, but he must have patch of this, that, and the other, were it for no other purpose but just to serve as a bit of a memorial. One very warm evening, towards the end of August, John had gone to bed rather earlier than usual, but not without having laid in a very good share of a very tasty Welsh rabbit; which said rabbit, being composed of about a pound of tough cheese, of course furnished the poor tailor, after he had fairly tumbled into the land of Nod, with something of a very curious Welsh-rabbit vision. It suddenly struck him, that this life, with all its cares and anxieties, was over with him; that the finishing stitch had been put to the great work of life, and the thread of his existence cut through. In the other world, to his misfortune, he found things not moving so comfortably as he could have wished; and the old gentleman with the short horns and the long tail, rigged out in his best suit of black, was the first friend he met with after passing the border. "There's a fine morning," said the wily old dog, "how do you find yourself after your long travel?" "No that well," stammered out the half-dead John, "no that well, sir; and I dinna think, all things considered, it would benefit me much to be found in such company—no offence to your honour," as he saw his new friend's colour rise, "no offence to your honour, I trust—but, if I may be so bold, I would thank you to tell me the reason of my being here, and above all, who's to be thankit for the pleasure of an introduction to your lordship?" "That you will know shortly, friend—nay, John Hetherington, for you see I know you;" and taking a large parcel from below his left arm, he commenced to unravel it, and, to the astonishment of poor John, unfolded a long web of patch-work, in which were found scraps of every hue—a web of many colours—all neatly stitched together; and in the middle, by way of set-off, a large bit of most excellent blue cloth, which had been cabbaged that very morning from a prime piece which he had got into his hands for the purpose of making a marriage-coat for his neighbour the blacksmith. "Was all this stuff got fairly and honestly, goodman?" said the old gentleman, with a sneer quite worthy of Beelzebub. "I suppose you will be able to recognise some of these odd bits; what think you now of that piece in the middle, which your eyes are fixed on—cabbaged no farther back than this morning? Come along, my old boy, come along. I say!"—A cold sweat broke over the poor tailor, and he felt as if he could have sunk snugly into the earth, if it had only the goodness to open at that moment for his especial accommodation, when he saw the long bony arm stretched out, with its sharp eagle claws, to clutch him; he made a sharp bolt back, and giving vent to his feelings in a loud and long howl, which rung horribly in his ears long after opening his eyes, he found himself sprawling in the middle of his wooden floor, without the bed-clothes tumbled above him. It was the first breaking out of a fine morning; the sun was rising, and all na-

ture looked fair; but poor John was at the point of death with sheer bodily fear and trembling, so that to go to bed again, and to sleep, would have been martyrdom; therefore he huddled on his clothes, and walked out to "snuff the outer air," and muse upon his wonderful dream. The more he thought, the more he saw the necessity of reforming his mode of life; and before finishing his stroll, he was an altered man, and had made up his mind never more to cabbage an inch of cloth; and, by walking circumspectly and honestly, he trusted that his past offences might be wiped out, and that the wonderful web of many colours should no more be brought up as evidence against him. To make him the more secure in the event of forgetfulness in the hour of temptation, his foreman was let into the great secret, and had orders at all times to rub up his remembrance when there was any thing good going, which he used to do in the laconic phrase of, "Master, mind the devil's web."

A year passed over, and the terror of the dream being yet fresh in his memory, John's transactions were strictly honest. He could cut out with somewhat more considerable ease, and had lost a good deal the knack of cutting out the sly piece at the corner. But, alas! for the stability of all human resolutions, our friend was sorely tempted, and how he stood we shall soon see. He had got to hand a beautiful piece of red cloth, for what purpose I know not, whether for the coat of a field-officer, or the back of a fox-hunter; but a prime piece of cloth it was; he turned it over to this side, and back to that; viewed it in all lights and shades, rubbed it against the grain, and found it faultless; he had never before cut such immaculate stuff. He fixed his eye wistfully on a tempting corner, looked up, and his foreman, John, was staring firmly in his face; he had read his thoughts. "Master, mind the devil's web!" solemnly ejaculated John. "Ou ay; I'm just swithering, John, I'm just swithering. Now, when I mind, there wasn't a piece of red cloth in a' the web; and mair by token, there was a bit gap at one of the corners. Now, I'm just thinking, since it maun be that all these bit odds and ends are to be evidence against me when I come to the long account, it would be better to snick a bit off the corner here; and that, you see, John, will fill all deficiencies, and mak the web, since it maun appear against me, evidence, John, without a flaw!"—*From an Old Scrap Book.*

COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1837.

This droll publication, embellished with engravings by the inimitable George Cruikshank, continues to sustain its character for the grotesque and humorous. In a pretty large budget of folly for laughter, in the form of illustrations of the month, we find the following episode, written in the most approved jacobinical style:—

MISS AMELIA SMITH TO MISS JULIA SMYTHE.

"DEAREST JULIA—Since that very unpleasant affair of Pa's bankruptcy, which made it so exceedingly disagreeable to stay in town, I have really not had a moment to spare. I take the first opportunity to tell you that our farming goes on quite as well as might be expected; and I hope in a few years we shall be able to hold up our heads again in our dear native Toulouse Street, and among our friends at dear No. 29.

Haymaking is just over, and such fun! Oh, how I wished for you, dear Julia! you would so have liked it!—sodding, and windrowing, and staddle-boarding, and quilling, and, above all, being rolled about and tumbled to bits by the young Browns, our band of some neighbours, who kindly offered their assistance on this occasion. Young Edwin, who paid particular attention to me, and squeezed my best transparent muslin bonnet to a mummy, and forced my green silk frock all to rags, is one of the neatest young men in these parts, and a great favourite with us all. Pa and I sat on a bank directing our proceedings out of a book pa's got which tells you all about farming, and agriculture, and every thing. I am head shepherdess, and go out every evening with my crook and Spanish guitar, and sit all day long on a bank playing to the sheep and lambs; young Edwin Brown generally comes and keeps me company with his German flute, which makes it very pleasant. Besides having the care of the flock, Izaak has put in charge of the eggs and poultry; but, though I have every reason to believe that our hens lay regularly, I cannot find the life of me find their nests; and I assure you I have searched over and over again in all the trees about the premises. The only eggs I have been able to get were some brought for us by the other day, and which I immediately set under a hen to hatch; but, unfortunately, they turned out nothing but males. A few days ago, I picked up by brother John in one of his walks, which was luckily proving to be pheasants, poor John has been informed against by a neighbouring game-keeper, and will have to pay goodness knows what penalty, and has got the character of a poacher into the bargain. What a fuss is here about poaching on my eggs!

My geese also have been very disappointing, though we have had the tank in front of the house carefully covered in with invisible wire for their accommodation, where they kept night and day, and have fresh water given them every morning. Ducks likewise don't go on very swimmingly; and as to our horses and cattle, things have gone very crooked. Pa bought a lot of cows and thereby hangs a tale; for, on bringing them up to milk, we couldn't get a drop; and, on inquiry, found that he ought to have bought milk cows, and not feeding cows, which are only used for making beef. But he soon bought others, and we have now a very good dairy, and Lucy is quite fat at making butter, but mamma is rather green at making cheese.

Brother John attends the markets—so that we have many things to sell, but it is considered unprofitable, and indeed he makes a regular thing of it by getting tips every market-day. Easly, whom you know, was always very fond of birds, bought a lot of pigeons and a tame hawk, and a Jackdaw; but, unfortunately, the hawk flew one day into the dovecot, and killed every one of the pigeons, and the Jackdaw had stolen all our silver forks and spoons. Brother John purchased a lot more pigeons at the market, which flew away the next morning, and so on. In his rage, he took a Jackdaw's neck, so that we are now without any birds in the house and spoons. Oh my! and we're determined to get a new hawk.

Ma's not too bad to manage the bees, and has had a few hives fixed at her bedroom window. The first night she was very unlucky, for, getting up in the dark to open the hives, she smacked one of the hives, whereupon the little savage flew at her and almost stung her to death; and you who heard her cries and jumped out of bed to her assistance, got as

roughly handled as me. Only fancy, Julia dear, being in nothing but your elements, and two hundred thousand bees stinging at you like mad!—not pleasant, is it?

Our pigs—*ts*, I am sorry to say, are quite empty, the pigs having strayed and got into the parish pound (unknown to us of course), where they were at last sold to pay their expenses. Susan, however, has been very successful in rearing a litter of Guinea pigs, and Nelly has got a most delightful lot of little peacocke. Also *John*, who has bought a hunder, and means to follow the hounds, has planted two of our large fields full of rose bushes. A singular thing occurred the other day with regard to one of these creatures: he was seen retreating to the gorse covert, closely pursued by one of the turkeys; and, more singular still, the turkey has never since been heard of, and it is generally supposed that it followed the fox into one of its holes, and got suffocated. Several of the chickens have also disappeared in a very mysterious way, and we can only account for it in the same manner.

Our health is capital—except me, who has got the lungago by sitting without her shawl in the hay-field—and *pa*, who is laid up with a cold and sore throat from standing in the draught of a winnowing machine—and *Emily*, who has got a face as big as two with running to fetch the young ducks out of the rain—and *Abraham*, who has almost cut his hand off with pruning the damson trees—and *John*, who, I am afraid, has lame himself for life in trying to jump his horse over a five-barred gate with spurs on it—and your humble servant, who has put out one of her wrists, and sprained one of her ankles, and fractured one of her ribs, in climbing up a tree after a hen's nest—or rather, a magpie's. My wrist is so bad at this moment that you must excuse my abruptly signing myself, dearest *Julia*, your most affectionate

AMELIA.

P. S. Wrist or no wrist, I must tell you of the perfidy of that villain, *Edwin Brown*. Ma has just been in to say that he has run away with his father's dairymaid. A purloined wretch! and a dairymaid too! I have forsworn love for ever, and made over my sheep to *Emily*. Oh, *Julia*!

P. S. I open this sheet to tell you of the shocking fire that happened here last night. We might have all been burnt to death in our beds. The barns, stables, and other out-buildings, are reduced to cinders; and all owing to William's fine rick of hay, which it seems was put up too green, and took fire of its own accord. Very odd—pa's book never said a word about it. We are all very miserable. Your doubly afflicted

AMELIA.

AN ODD LORD OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

Lord Wharscliffe, in his new and extended edition of the works of *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* (London, Bentley), gives the following amusing anecdotes of a noble lord of the early part of the last century:—*Mary Howe*, daughter of Lord Viscount Howe, married to *Thomas VIII Earl of Pembroke*, 1725; the Lord Pembroke who collected the statues and medals at Wilton, and whose knowledge of classical antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to *Lady Mary Wortley*, had been a principal member of the whig administrations under King William and Queen Anne, and the last person who held the office of Lord High Admiral; but now being old and a great humorist, distinguished himself chiefly by odd whims and peculiarities; one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One must explain this by instances. He chose that his eldest son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who was more than of age, and had a will of his own, often chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present; every day gravely bidding the butler tell *Lord Herbert* dinner was ready; and the butler every day as gravely bringing word, that "his lordship dined abroad."

Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict dominion over a wife whom other people thought safely arrived at years of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but was never on any account stay out a minute later than ten o'clock; his supper hour. One night, however, she staid till past twelve. He declined sapping, telling the servants it could not be ten o'clock, as their lady was not come home; when at last she came in a terrible fright, and began making a thousand apologies. "My dear," said he very coolly, "you are under a mistake; it is but just ten; you watch; I see, goes too fast, and so does mine: we must have the man to-morrow to set them to rights; meanwhile, let us go to supper."

His example on another occasion might be worth following. Of all the Mede-and-Persian laws established in his house, the most peremptory was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged—no pardon granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old footman, who had lived with him many years, would sometimes indulge in a pot of ale extraordinary, trusting to the wilful blindness which he was assumed when convenient. One fatal day even this could not avail. As my lord crossed the hall, John appeared in full view; not rather tipsy, or a little disguised, but dead drunk, and unable to stand. Lord Pembroke went up to him. "My poor fellow, what all you? you seem dreadfully ill; let me feel your pulse. God bless us, he is in a raging fever; get him to bed directly, and send for the apothecary." The apothecary came, not to be consulted—for his lordship was physician-general in his own family; but to obey orders—so bled the patient copiously, clasp a huge blister on his back, and give him a powerful dose of physic. After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan as the serpent's illness could have left him, "Hah, honest John," cried his master, "I am truly glad to see thee alive; you have had a wonderful escape though, and ought to be thankful—very thankful indeed. Why, man, if I had not passed by and spied the condition you were in, you would have been dead before now. But, John, John," lifting up his finger, "NO MORE OF THESE FEVERS!"

LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, while travelling some years ago on the Continent, was on one occasion sadly at a loss to make himself understood. Coming to an inn, in Holland, where not a single word of either English or French was spoken, he felt himself, as he called it, "completely stuck up;" he wished to order dinner, but no one could comprehend his meaning; until, at length, having recourse to signs, the universal language of nature, he fully effected his purpose. He pointed to his mouth with one hand, while with the other he pointed to four o'clock on the dial of his watch, after which he made a show of spreading a cloth on a table, all which signs were too significant to be misunderstood. A capital dinner smoked on the table at the hour which he had indicated. This was droll enough in its way, but not half so ludicrous as the case of the same nature told by Mr Cooper, in his late work, "Excursions in Switzerland." Here is his account of the affair:—"We reached Aletstein to breakfast, and here we encountered a serious difficulty: we could not make ourselves understood. Our German was by no means classical; and English, Italian, and French, were all Hebrew to the good people of the inn. The coachman was from one of the Bernese valleys, and spoke habitually as pure a *paofis* as heart could wish. But even *paofis* would not do; for the paofis of the district would own no fellowship with that of this linguist. In this dilemma I was thrown upon the language of nature. It was not difficult to make the *paofis* understand what we wished to eat. So far, all was well—but "what would we eat?" We were sufficiently hungry to eat any thing; but how was one to express 'any thing' by signs? It might be interpreted so easily into 'every thing'?"

In this crisis I bethought me of a long-neglected art, and crowded like a cock. The shrill scatious strain had hardly reached the ear of the good woman before it was answered by such a peal of laughter as none but village lugs could raise. *W—*, who is an admirable mimic, ran after the convulsed party (two or three girls had been anxiously awaiting the result), and began quite successfully to cackle like a hen. He was answered by screams of laughter. In due time, we had a broiled fowl, an *omelette*, and boiled eggs; but to the last moment none of the 'women-kind' could look at us without hearty bursts of merriment. To be sure, it was droll enough to hear hunger bursting out spontaneously in these paroxysms of natural eloquence."

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your boids,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—

I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image ye, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—

I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light ew'while into the world came—

I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—

I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy lea—

I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be:
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—

I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the muirland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the Worl'dling scorning may deride—

I love ye all!

—*Forms and Lyrics*, by Robert Nicoll.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN POLYNESIA.

While so many advantages have accrued to the civilised world from the voyages of Cook, the countries and nations which he made known have likewise reaped a rich harvest of benefit; and it is consolatory to reflect, that the fears which troubled his benevolent mind least the islanders of the Austral Ocean might have "just cause to lament that our ships had ever found them out," had not been realised. The labours of the good and plough men who sailed in the ship Duff, to spread the glad tidings of salvation among "the isles of the sea," though long unsuccessful, have at length been crowned with a prosperous issue. Throughout the principal groups of the Pacific, idolatry has been overthrown, and along with it the darker crimes and more brutal vices of the natives. Those desolating wars, in which misery was altogether unknown, and neither sex nor age was a protection from the exterminating fury of the victors, have ceased. The barbarous sacrifice of human beings, and the still more sanguinary usage of infanticide, which prevailed to an extent almost incredible, have been abolished. Peace, order, and tranquillity, are established; not a few of the customs and comforts of Europe introduced; schools and churches erected; and a knowledge of letters extensively diffused. A printing press has been established in the Society Islands, from which a translation of the New Testament into the native language, a number of initiatory treatises, and a code of laws ratified by the nation, have already issued. Many of the inhabitants have made so great progress in learning, that they have been able to take on themselves the character of missionaries, and go forth to preach the Gospel to their benighted brethren in less favoured places. Others have acquired the arts of the smith, the mason, the weaver, the cotton-spinner, the turner, the agriculturist, or the carpenter. In the trade last mentioned they have made such proficiency as to build after the English style vessels of seventy tons burden, for commercial enterprises to different parts of Polynesia. The people of the Sandwich Archipelago have advanced still farther in civilisation. The Bay of Honolulu, in the island of Waoahoo, almost resembles an European harbour. Fifty foreign vessels have been seen in it at one time. In the latter part of the year 1833, it was resorted to by more than twenty-six thousand tons of shipping, employing upwards of two thousand seamen, and bearing the flags of England, Prussia, Spain, America, and Otaheite. It is defended by a fortress mounting forty guns, over which, and from the masts of the native bark, is suspended the national ensign, which has already been seen in the ports of China, the Philippines, America, Kamtschatka, the New Hebrides, and Australia. The town is regularly laid out in squares, the streets are carefully fenced, and numbers of the houses are neatly built of wood. It possesses a regular police, contains two hospitals, the same number of billiard-rooms, and nearly a dozen taverns, bearing such inscriptions as "An ordinary at one o'clock," "The Britannia," and "The Jolly Tar." It is the residence of a British and of an American consul, and of several respectable merchants of the United States. Education and a knowledge of religion are widely spread throughout the islands; nine hundred seminaries, conducted by native teachers, are established, and fifty thousand children receive instruction in reading. Within a little distance of the very spot where Cook was killed, a school has been opened, and a building erected for the worship of the true God. The fortune of some others of the countries explored by him has hitherto been less auspicious; but in most of these their missions are already planted with every prospect of success, and we may confidently look forward to the day when teachers of Christianity shall be established in all. It may be said, indeed, that in almost every quarter of Polynesia the seeds of civilisation are now sown, and it is a plant as has been remarked which seldom withers or decays, however slowly it may advance in growth. The hope, therefore,

hardly be considered visionary which have been expressed by a late distinguished voyager, who, in sailing along the shores of New Zealand, anticipated the period when that magnificent country shall become the Great Britain of the southern hemisphere, when its now solitary plains shall be covered with large and populous cities, and the bays which are at present frequented but by the frail canoe of the wandering savage, shall be thronged with the commercial navies of empires situated at the opposite ends of the earth. When that day shall arrive, and the fertile islands of the Pacific become the seat of great and flourishing states, we may confidently predict that Cook will be revered, not with the blind adoration offered to the fancied Rono, but with the rational respect and affection due by an enlightened people to him who was the harbinger of their civilisation; and that among the great and good men, commemorated in their annals as national benefactors, none will be more highly extolled than the illustrious navigator who, surmounting the dangers and difficulties of unknown seas, laid open the path by which the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion were wafted to their distant shores.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library—Circumnavigation of the Globe*.

INSECTS IN THE HEADS OF MUMMIES.

In the head of one mummy was found a considerable quantity of the pupa of dipterous insects, apparently a distinct species, and, from their appearance, Mr Hope was led to remark, that the process of embalming could not possibly be a rapid one. Some of the pupa cases were empty, and the major part of them contained the dried-up insects, almost in a state of perfection. In another mummy were also found immense numbers of the pupa of some dipterous insects, certainly of three different species, if not more. Mr Hope made some observations upon the great age of these insects, which might probably be estimated at three thousand years. Mr Pettigrew stated, that although the period of embalming was involved in great obscurity, and extended over a considerable space of time, yet he considered the skull, from the occipital cavity of which the *acerobius* and *dermestes* had been taken, to be of the Graeco-Egyptian era. The hair, contrary to the assertion of the Count de Caylus, was in fine preservation and of considerable length, there being three plaited portions turned up from behind over the skull, precisely in the way the Egyptians of the present day wear their hair, and which happened also to be the fashion of the present day in this country. In some mummies, however, no insects were discovered, in the one recently opened at the College of Surgeons. Mr Westwood observed, with reference to the great age of the insects in question, that the circumstances of so many of them being found dead in their preparatory stages (although in a situation perfectly congenial to their habits) seemed sufficient to prove that they must have been deposited in the head of the mummy during the operation of embalming, and killed by the ultimate process, instead of making their way to the body of the mummy at a more recent period, as might, perhaps, be imagined to be the case from the known economy of some of the species.—*Entomological Society—Journal of Proceedings*.

A JUST SENTIMENT.

It is absurd to blame an historian for his opinions, because that is equivalent to censoring him for his honesty; it is only when, as has sometimes happened, he distorts facts in order to support preconceived opinions, instead of regulating his opinions according to ascertained facts, and taking care that the one shall be a legitimate deduction from the other, that he merits reproach and condemnation.—*Encyclopaedia Britannica, new edition*.

ENDURANCE OF LOW DEGREES OF TEMPERATURE.

When we hear of the very low degrees of temperature sometimes reached in arctic regions, we are apt to suppose that cold here, must be productive of much suffering, notwithstanding every attempt to neutralise it by thick clothing. The following extract from Mr R. King's Narrative of Captain Cook's recent Expedition, will show that there is some fallacy in such calculations:—As the severe weather was by this time over, and I had seen the thermometer, on the 17th of January, 102 degrees below the freezing point, had slept in an atmosphere of 82 degrees below, "under the canopy of heaven," with a single blanket for a covering, and had some experience in snow-shoe walking, I may be allowed to make a few remarks upon the intensity of cold in the inhospitable regions of the north, as they are termed. During a calm, when the thermometer stood at 70 degrees or 7 degrees minus zero, was to me in sensation the same; and although I have experienced a difference in temperature of 90 degrees from cold to heat, and vice versa, in the course of twenty-four hours, still its change was not sufficiently oppressive to put a stop to my usual avocations. I have been shooting grouse at every range of the thermometer, from the highest to the lowest point, wearing the very same clothing as in England on a summer's day—a fur cap, moccasins, and mittens excepted, instead of a hat, tanned leather shoes or boots, and kid gloves. Merely a cotton shirt was sufficient to protect my breast from the most intense cold that has ever been registered; and notwithstanding my waistcoats were made double-breasted, I never felt sufficiently cold to be under the necessity of buttoning them: neither flannel nor leather was worn by me in any way. It must be understood, however, that I am only speaking of the temperature during a calm, or when the atmosphere is but slightly in motion. The lowest descent of the thermometer would not prevent my making an excursion of pleasure; but a higher temperature by 40 degrees, accompanying a stiff breeze, would confine me to the house; the sensation of cold, as I have said before, depends so much more upon the force of the wind than upon the state of the thermometer. Such endurance may appear incredible to those persons who have read each ponderous quarto as it issued forth, fearful in aspect as it is; and it is no wonder. I was astonished at myself, while sporting in a country always portrayed as unfit either for man or beast; but what was my astonishment, when, hopping before me from bough to bough, the lesser redpoll caught my sight—the little bird that so frequently adorns, in England, the cottager's room! If so small a creature can find the climates of England and Great Slave Lake equally congenial to its constitution, surely man may exist there. A sudden transition from heat to cold produced cramps—a fact well worthy the notice of those persons who are subject to that painful disease; for an extra blanket or two, and a trusty thermometer to indicate when to put them on and pull them off, may save much excruciating pain and many restless nights.

It is again respectfully intimated that no communications in verse or prose are wanted, or can be admitted, the Journal being written entirely by the Editors, assisted by a few individuals acquainted with the plan of the work. No unpaid letters of any description are accepted.

The Editors beg to return thanks for a number of new publications forwarded to them from different quarters.

Number 260 completes the fifth volume of the Journal, for which a title and index are prepared, and may be had from the publishers or their agents, at the usual price of a number. Any odd number to complete sets of the work may also be obtained.

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